ANDLE-
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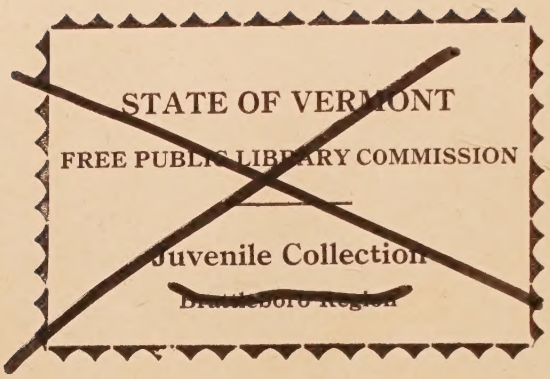
TORIES
HUTCHINSON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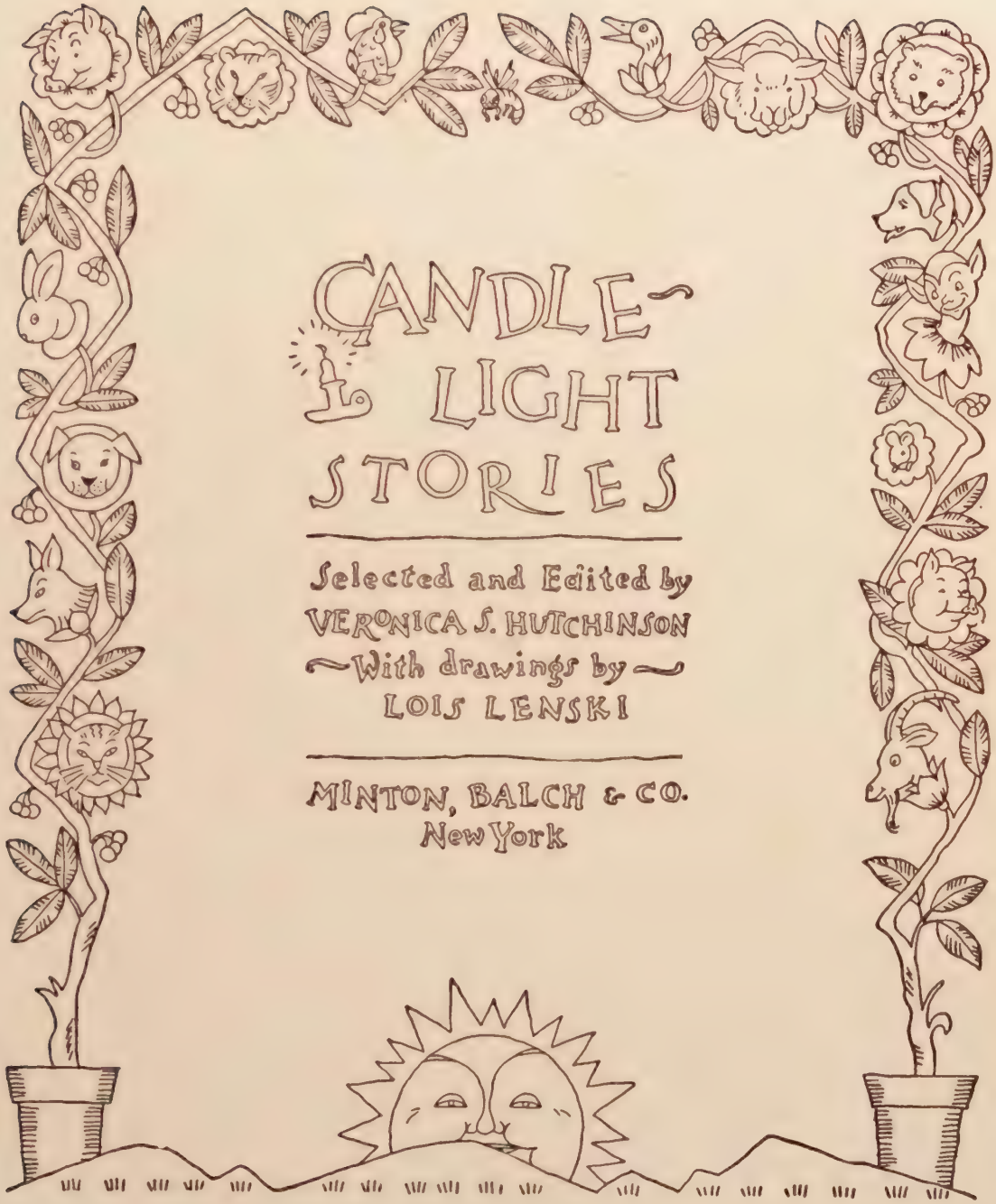
CANDLE-LIGHT STORIES

"Never before did such a thing befall me since I kept house."



CANDLE-LIGHT STORIES

Selected and Edited by
VERONICA S. HUTCHINSON
With drawings by
LOIS LENSKI

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New York

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To

RAYMOND AND MALCOLM MOLEY

"How many miles to Babylon?"
"Three score miles and ten."
"Can I get there by candle-light?"
"Yes, and back again."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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Frederick A. Stokes Company for "The Bun" and "The Lame Duck" from "Picture Tales from the Russian," by Valery Carrick.

All of these have been slightly adapted, with the exception of "The Hillman and the Housewife" and "Dame Wiggins of Lee."

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THE
LAMBIKIN

THE LAMBIKIN

ONCE upon a time there was a wee, wee Lambikin, who frolicked about on his little tottery legs, and enjoyed himself amazingly. Now one day he set off to visit his Granny, and was jumping with joy to think of all the good things he should get from her, when whom should he meet but a Jackal, who looked at the tender young morsel and said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll eat YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The Jackal thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

By and by he met a Vulture, and the Vulture, looking hungrily at the tender morsel before him, said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll eat YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The Vulture thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

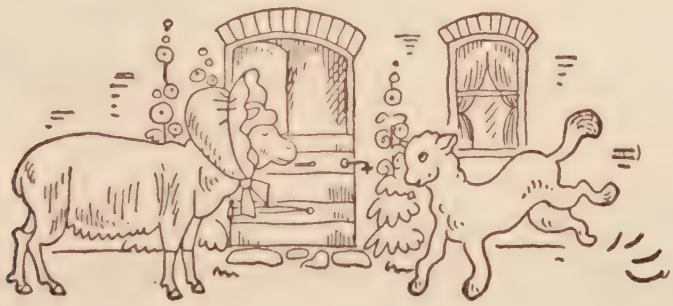
And by and by he met a Tiger, and then a Wolf, and a Dog, and an Eagle, and all of these, when they saw

the tender little morsel, said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll eat YOU!"

But to all of them Lambikin replied, with a little frisk:

"To Granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

At last he reached his Granny's house, and said, all in a great hurry, "Granny, dear, I've promised to get very fat; so, as people ought to keep their promises, please put me into the corn bin *at once*."



So his Granny said he was a good boy, and put him into the corn bin, and there the greedy little Lambikin stayed for seven days, and ate, and ate, and ate, until he could scarcely waddle, and his Granny said he was fat enough for anything, and must go home. But cun-

ning little Lambikin said that would never do, for some animal would be sure to eat him on the way back, he was so plump and tender.

"I'll tell you what you must do," said Master Lambikin. "You must make a little drumikin and then I can sit inside and trundle along nicely, for I am as tight as a drum myself."

So his Granny made a nice little drumikin, with wool inside, and Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle, and trundled away gayly. Soon he met with the Eagle, who called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Mr. Lambikin, curled up in his soft warm nest, replied:

"Lost in the forest, and so are you,
On, little Drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-too!"

"How very annoying!" sighed the Eagle, thinking regretfully of the tender morsel he had let slip.

Meanwhile Lambikin trundled along, laughing to himself and singing:

"Tum-pa, tum-too;

Tum-pa, tum-too!"

Every animal and bird he met asked him the same question:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And to each of them the little sly-boots replied:

"Lost in the forest, and so are you,
On, little Drumikin! Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa, tum-too; tum-pa, tum-too!"

Then they all sighed to think of the tender little morsel they had let slip.

At last the Jackal came limping along, for all his sorry looks as sharp as a needle, and he too called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Lambikin, curled up in his snug little nest, replied gayly:

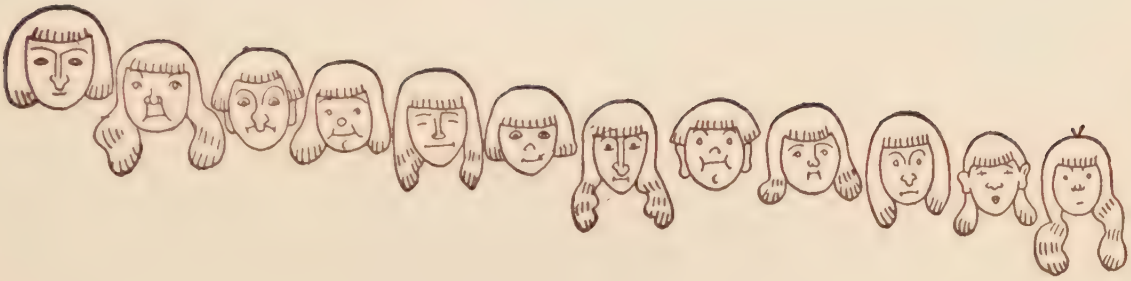
"Lost in the forest, and so are you,
On, little Drumikin! Tum-pa——"

But he never got any further, for the Jackal recognized his voice at once, and cried: "Hullo! you've

turned yourself inside out, have you? Just you come out of that!"

Whereupon he tore open Drumikin and gobbled up Lambikin.

THE
DOLL
IN
THE GRASS



THE DOLL IN THE GRASS

ONCE upon a time there was a king who had twelve sons. When they were grown-up he told them they must go out into the world and find themselves wives, who must all be able to spin and weave and make a shirt in one day, else he would not have them for daughters-in-law. He gave each of his sons a horse and a new suit of armor, and so they set out in the world to look for wives.

When they had traveled a bit on the way they said they would not take Ashiepattle with them, for he was

good for nothing. Ashiepattle must stop behind; there was no help for it. He did not know what he should do or which way he should turn; he became so sad that he got off the horse and sat down on the grass and began to cry.

When he had sat awhile one of the tussocks among the grass began to move, and out of it came a small white figure; as it came nearer Ashiepattle saw that it was a beautiful little girl, but she was so tiny, so very, very tiny.

She went up to him and asked him if he would come below and pay a visit to the doll in the grass.

Yes, that he would; and so he did. When he came down below, the doll in the grass was sitting in a chair, dressed very finely and looking still more beautiful. She asked Ashiepattle where he was going and what was his errand.

He told her they were twelve brothers, and that the king had given them each a horse and a suit of armor, and told them to go out in the world and find themselves wives, but they must all be able to spin and weave and make a shirt in a day.

"If you can do that and will become my wife, I will not travel any farther," said Ashiepattle to the doll in the grass.

Yes, that she would, and she set to work at once to get the shirt spun, woven and made; but it was so tiny, so very, very tiny, no bigger than—so!

Ashiepattle then returned home, taking the shirt with him; but when he brought it out he felt very shy

because it was so small. But the king said he could have her for all that, and you can imagine how happy and joyful Ashiepattle became.

The road did not seem long to him as he set out to fetch his little sweetheart. When he came to the doll in the grass he wanted her to sit with him on his horse; but no, that she wouldn't; she said she would sit and drive in a silver spoon, and she had two small white horses which would draw her.

So they set out, he on his horse and she in the silver spoon; and the horses which drew her were two small white mice.

Ashiepattle always kept to one side of the road, for he was afraid he should ride over her; she was so very, very tiny.

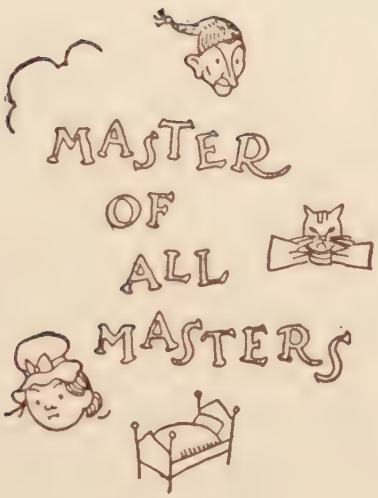
When they had traveled a bit on the way they came to a large lake; there Ashiepattle's horse took fright and shied over to the other side of the road, and upset the spoon, so that the doll in the grass fell into the water. Ashiepattle became very sad, for he did not know how he should get her out again; but after a while a merman brought her up. But now she had become just as big as any other grown-up being and was much

"So they set out, he on his horse and she in the silver spoon."

more beautiful than she was before. So he placed her in front of him on the horse and rode home.

When Ashiepattle got there all his brothers had also returned, each with a sweetheart; but they were ugly and ill-favored and bad-tempered.

When the brothers saw Ashiepattle's sweetheart they all became envious of him, but the king was so pleased with Ashiepattle and his sweetheart that he drove the others away, and so Ashiepattle was married to the doll in the grass; and afterward they lived happily and comfortably for a long while; and if they are not dead, they must be still alive.


MASTER
OF
ALL
MASTERS

MASTER OF ALL MASTERS

A GIRL once went to the fair to hire herself for servant. At last a funny-looking old gentleman engaged her, and took her home to his house. When she got there, he told her he had something to teach her, for that in his house he had his own name for things

He said to her: "What will you call me?"

"Master or mister, whatever you please, sir," says she.

He said: "You must call me 'master of all masters!' And what would you call this?" pointing to his bed.

"Bed or couch, or whatever you please, sir."

"No, that's my 'barnacle.' And what do you call these?" said he, pointing to his pantaloons.

"Breeches or trousers, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call them 'squibs and crackers.' And what would you call her?" pointing to the cat.

"Cat or kit, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call her 'white-faced simminy.' And this now," showing the fire, "what would you call this?"

"Fire or flame, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call it 'hot cockalorum.' And what this?" he went on, pointing to the water.

"Water or wet, or whatever you please, sir."

"No, 'pondalorum' is its name. And what do you call all this?" asked he, as he pointed to the house.

"House or cottage, or whatever you please, sir."

"You must call it 'high topper mountain!' "

That very night the servant woke her master up in a fright and said:

"Master of all masters, get out of your barnacle and put on your squibs and crackers. For white-faced simminy has got a hot spot of cockalorum on its tail, and unless you get some pondalorum high topper mountain will be all on hot cockalorum." . . . That's all.

THE
BUN

THE BUN

ONCE upon a time there was an old man, and one day he wanted something nice to eat, so he said to his wife: "My dear, please make me a bun."

But she answered: "What am I to make it of? We have no flour."

"What nonsense," he said, "of course we have! You've only got to scrape the sides of the bin and sweep its floor and you'll get plenty!"

So his wife took a feather brush, and scraped the

sides and swept the floor of the bin, and got a little flour together. Then she kneaded the dough with cream, rolled out the bun, spread it over with butter and put it in the oven.

And the bun turned out simply splendid! She took it out of the oven and put it on the window-sill to get cold.

And there the bun lay and lay, and he began to feel lonely, so he just took and rolled off!

From the window-sill he rolled down on to the bench, from the bench on to the floor, over the floor to the door.

Then he rolled right over the threshold into the lobby, out of the lobby on to the front door steps, and down the steps right out of doors, and rolled straight along the road into the field.

Suddenly he met a hare, and the hare said to him:

She rolled out the bun.

"Mr. Bun, Mr. Bun, I shall eat you up!"

"No, you shan't, Mr. Hare, for I'll sing you a song."

And he started singing: "I'm Mr. Bun, I'm Mr. Bun; I was scraped from the sides and swept from the floor of the bin; I was kneaded with cream and fried in butter, and was put to cool on the window-sill; but I got away from gaffer and I got away from grannie, and I shan't find it hard to get away from you!"

When he had finished his song he went on rolling farther, and was out of sight before Mr. Hare had time to look.

And he went on rolling, when suddenly he met a wolf, and the wolf said to him: "Mr. Bun, Mr. Bun, I shall eat you up!"

"But you shan't, Mr. Wolf, for I'll sing you a song."

And he started singing: "I'm Mr. Bun, I'm Mr. Bun; I was scraped from the sides and swept from the floor

of the bin; I was kneaded with cream and fried in butter, and was put to cool on the window-sill; but I got away from gaffer and I got away from grannie, and I got away from Mr. Hare, and I think I'll find it easy enough to get away from you!"

And he went on rolling farther, when suddenly he met a bear. And the bear said to him: "Mr. Bun, Mr. Bun, I shall eat you up!"

"Indeed you shall not, you old crooked-paws, you couldn't if you tried."

And he started singing: "For I'm Mr. Bun, I'm Mr. Bun; I was scraped from the sides, and swept from the floor of the bin; I was kneaded with cream and fried in butter, and was put to cool on the window-sill, but I got away from gaffer and I got away from grannie, I got away from Mr. Hare, and got away from Mr. Wolf —Good-bye, Bruin!"

He went on rolling farther, when suddenly he met a fox, and the fox said to him: "How do you do, Mr. Bun, how pretty and how well-baked you are!"

Mr. Bun was pleased at being praised, and he started singing: "I'm Mr. Bun, I'm Mr. Bun, I was scraped from the sides and swept from the floor of the

bin; I was kneaded with cream and fried in butter, and was put to cool on the window-sill; but I got away from gaffer and I got away from grannie, I got away from Mr. Hare, and I got away from Mr. Wolf, I got away from Mr. Bruin and I'll get away from you!"

"*That's* a fine song," said the fox. "Please sing it again, but come and sit on my nose. I've got so deaf lately."

So Mr. Bun jumped up on Mr. Fox's nose and sang his song again. And the fox said: "Thank you, Mr. Bun, but please sing it just once again. And come and sit on my tongue, then I shall hear still better." And Mr. Fox put out his tongue and Mr. Bun jumped on to it, and Mr. Fox just closed his mouth and ate Mr. Bun up.

THREE
LITTLE
KITTENS

THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS

THREE little kittens lost their mittens;
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
We very much fear
That we have lost our mittens."
"Lost your mittens!
You naughty kittens!
Then you shall have no pie!"

"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
"No, you shall have no pie."

The three little kittens found their mittens;
And they began to cry,
"Oh, mother dear,
See here, see here!
See, we have found our mittens!"
"Put on your mittens,
You silly kittens,
And you must have some pie."
"Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r,
Oh, let us have the pie!
Purr-r, purr-r, purr-r."

The three little kittens put on their mittens,
And soon ate up the pie.

"Oh, mother dear,
We greatly fear,
That we have soiled our mittens!"
"Soiled your mittens!
You naughty kittens!"
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."
Then they began to sigh,
"Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

The three little kittens washed their mittens,
And hung them out to dry.
"Oh, mother dear,
Do not you hear
That we have washed our mittens?"

"Washed your mittens!
Oh, you're good kittens!
But I smell a rat close by;
Hush, hush! Mee-ow, mee-ow."
"We smell a rat close by.
Mee-ow, mee-ow, mee-ow."

THE
QUEEN
BEE

THE QUEEN BEE

ONCE upon a time three king's sons started to seek adventure. They all went on together until they came to an ant-hill, which the two eldest brothers wished to stir up, that they might see the little ants hurry about in their fright and carry off their eggs.

But Witling, the youngest, said: "Leave the little creatures alone; I will not suffer them to be disturbed."

And they went on farther until they came to a lake, where a number of ducks were swimming about. The

two eldest brothers wanted to catch a couple and cook them, but Witling would not allow it, and said, "Leave the creatures alone; I will not suffer them to be killed."

And then they came to a bee's nest in a tree, and there was so much honey in it that it overflowed and ran down the trunk. The two eldest brothers then wanted to make a fire beneath the tree, that the bees might be stifled by the smoke, and then they could get at the honey.

But Witling prevented them saying: "Leave the little creatures alone; I will not suffer them to be stifled."

At last they came to a castle, where in the stables many horses were standing, all of stone, and the brothers went through all the rooms until they came to a door at the end, secured with three locks. In the middle of the door was a small opening through which

They saw a little gray-haired man sitting at a table.

they could look into the room. They saw a little gray-haired man sitting at a table. They called out to him once, twice, and he did not hear, but the third time he

got up, undid the locks, and came out. Without speaking a word he led them to a table loaded with all sorts of good things, and when they had feasted he showed to each his bed-chamber. The next morning the little gray man came to the eldest brother, and beckoning him, brought him to a table of stone, on which were written three things directing by what means the castle could be delivered from its enchantment. The first thing was, that in the wood under the moss lay the pearls belonging to the princess—a thousand in number—and they were to be sought for and collected, and if he who should undertake the task had not finished it by sunset—if but one pearl were missing—he must be turned to stone. So the eldest brother went

out and searched all day, but at the end of it he had found only one hundred pearls. So it came to pass that he was turned into stone. The second brother undertook the adventure next day, but he fared no better than the first; he found two hundred pearls and was turned into stone.

At last it was Witling's turn, and he began to search in the moss; but it was a very tedious business to find the pearls, and he became so downhearted that he sat on a stone and began to weep. As he was sitting thus, up came the ant-king with five thousand ants, whose lives had been saved through Witling's pity, and it was not very long before the little insects had collected all the pearls and put them in a heap.

Now, the second thing ordered by the table of stone was to get the key of the princess's sleeping chamber out of the lake.

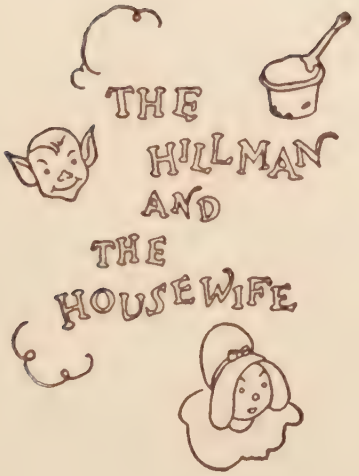
When Witling came to the lake, the ducks whose lives he had saved came swimming, and dived below, and brought up the key from the bottom.

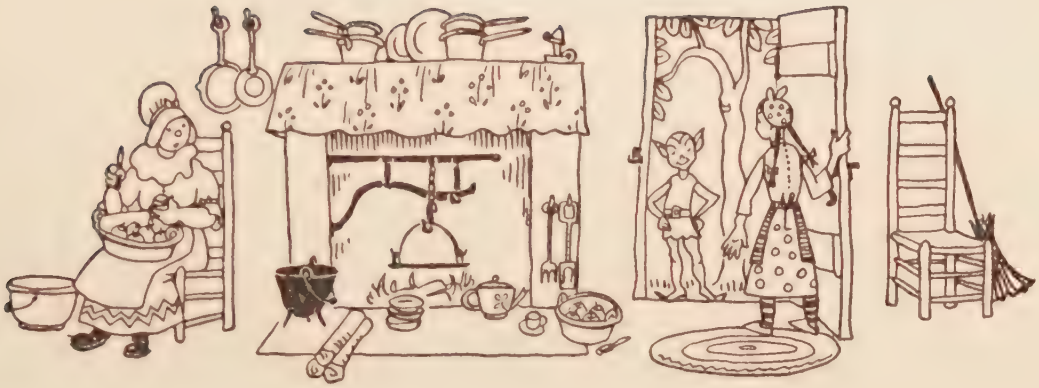
The third thing that had to be done was the most difficult, and that was to pick out the youngest and loveliest of the three princesses, as they lay sleeping.

All bore a perfect resemblance each to the other, and differed only in this, that before they went to sleep each one had eaten a different sweetmeat,—the eldest a piece of sugar, the second a little syrup, and the third a spoonful of honey.

Now the Queen-bee of those bees that Witling had protected from the fire came at this moment, and trying the lips of all three, settled on those of the one that had eaten honey, and so it was that the king's son knew which to choose. Then the spell was broken; every one awoke from stony sleep, and took his right form again.

And Witling married the youngest and loveliest princess, and became a king after her father's death. And his two brothers were very glad to marry her two sisters.


THE
HILLMAN
AND
THE
HOUSEWIFE



THE HILLMAN AND THE HOUSEWIFE

IT is well known that the little people cannot abide meanness. They like to be liberally dealt with when they beg or borrow from the human race, and on the other hand, to those who come to them in need, they are always generous.

Now there once lived a certain housewife who had a sharp eye to her own interests, and gave alms of what she had no use for, for the good of her soul. One day a hillman knocked at her door.

"Can you lend us a saucepan, good mother?" said he. "There's a wedding in the hill and all the pots are in use."

"Is he to have one?" asked the servant lass who had opened the door.

"Aye, to be sure," answered the housewife, "one must be neighborly."

But when the maid was taking a saucepan from the shelf, the housewife pinched her arm and whispered sharply, "No, you good-for-nothing! Get the old one out of the cupboard. It leaks, and the hillmen are so neat and such nimble workers that they are sure to mend it before they send it home. So one obliges the good people, and saves sixpence in tinkering. But you'll never learn to be wise whilst your head is on your shoulders."

Thus reproached, the maid fetched the saucepan, which had been laid by till the tinker's next visit, and gave it to the dwarf, who thanked her and went away.

In due time the saucepan was returned, and, as the housewife had foreseen, it was neatly mended and ready for use.

At supper time the maid filled the pan with milk,

and set it on the fire for the children's supper. But in a few minutes the milk was so burned and smoked that no one could touch it, and even the pigs refused the wash into which it was thrown.

"Ah, good-for-nothing girl," cried the housewife, as she refilled the pan herself. "You would ruin the richest with your carelessness. There's a whole quart of good milk wasted at once!"

"*And that's twopence,*" cried a voice which seemed to come from the chimney, in a whining tone, like some grumbling discontented old body going over her grievances.

The housewife had not left the saucepan for two minutes, when the milk boiled over, and it was all burned and smoked as before.

"The pan must be dirty," muttered the good woman, in great vexation, "and there are two full

quarts of milk as good as thrown to the dogs."

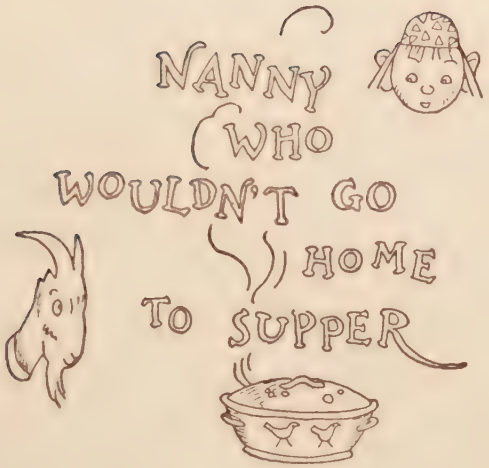
"*And that's fourpence,*" added the voice in the chimney.

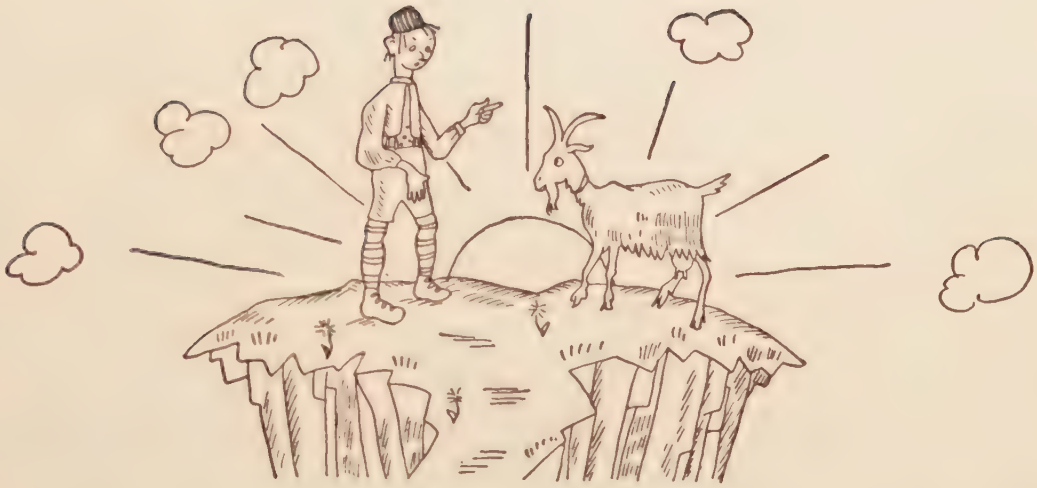
After a thorough cleaning, the saucepan was once more filled and set on the fire, but with no better success. The milk was hopelessly spoiled, and the housewife shed tears of vexation at the waste, crying, "Never before did such a thing befall me since I kept house! Three quarts of new milk burnt for one meal!"

"*And that's sixpence,*" cried the voice from the chimney. "You didn't save the tinkering after all, Mother!"

With which the hillman himself came tumbling down the chimney, and went off laughing through the door.

And thenceforward the saucepan was as good as any other.


NANNY
WHO
WOULDN'T GO
HOME
TO SUPPER



NANNY WHO WOULDN'T GO HOME TO SUPPER

THERE was once upon a time a woman who had a son and a goat. The son was called Espen, and the goat they called Nanny. Now they were not good friends, and did not get on together, for the goat was perverse and wayward, as goats will be, and she would never go home at the right time for her supper.

So it happened one evening that Espen went out to fetch her home, and when he had been looking for her awhile he saw Nanny high, high up on a crag.

"My dear Nanny, you must not stay up there any longer; you must come home now, it is just supper time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I shan't," said Nanny, "not before I have finished the grass on this tussock, and that tussock, and this and that tussock."

"Then I'll go and tell mother," said the lad.

"That you may, and then I shall be left to eat in peace," said Nanny.

So Espen went and told his mother.

"Go to the fox and ask him to bite Nanny," said his mother.

The lad went to the fox.

"My dear fox, bite Nanny, for Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper," said Espen.

"No, I don't want to spoil my snout on pig's bristles and goat's beard," said the fox.

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the wolf," said his mother.

The lad went to the wolf.

"My dear wolf, bite the fox, for the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No," said the wolf, "I won't wear out my paws and teeth on a skinny fox."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the bear and ask him to slay the wolf," said his mother.

The lad went to the bear.

"My dear bear, slay the the wolf, for the wolf won't

bite the fox, and the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, that I won't," said the bear. "I don't want to wear out my claws for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the Finn and ask him to shoot the bear."

The lad went to the Finn.

"My dear Finn, shoot the bear, for the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the Finn. "I am not going to shoot away my bullets for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the fir," said his mother, "and ask it to crush the Finn."

The lad went to the fir tree.

"My dear fir, crush the Finn, for the Finn won't shoot

the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny

won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the fir. "I am not going to break my boughs for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the fire," said his mother, "and ask it to burn the fir."

The lad went to the fire.

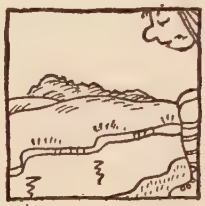
"My dear fire, burn the fir, for the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the fire. "I am not going to burn myself out for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the water, and ask it to quench the fire," she said.

The lad went to the water.



"My dear water, quench the fire, for the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the water. "I am not going to waste myself for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the ox," said she, "and ask him to drink up the water."

The lad went to the ox.

"My dear ox, drink up the water, for the water

"So the lad went and told his mother."

won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the

bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the ox. "I am not going to burst myself for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the yoke," said she, "and ask it to throttle the ox."

The lad went to the yoke.

"My dear yoke, throttle the ox, for the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf,

the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the yoke. "I am not going to break myself in two for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the ax," said she, "and tell it to split the yoke."

The lad went to the ax.

"My dear ax, split the yoke, for the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the ax. "I am not going to blunt my edge for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the smith," said she, "and ask him to hammer the ax."

The lad went to the smith.

"My dear smith, hammer the ax, for the ax won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the smith. "I'll not burn up my sledge-hammers for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the rope," said she, "and ask it to hang the smith."

The lad went to the rope.

"My dear rope, hang the smith, for the smith won't hammer the ax, the ax won't split the yoke, the yoke

won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the

fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the rope. "I am not going to break in two for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the mouse," said she, "and ask her to gnaw the rope."

The lad went to the mouse.

"My dear mouse, gnaw the rope, for the rope won't hang the smith, the smith won't hammer the ax, the ax

won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"No, I will not," said the mouse. "I am not going to wear out my teeth for that."

So the lad went and told his mother.

"Well, go to the cat," said she, "and ask her to catch the mouse."

The lad went to the cat.

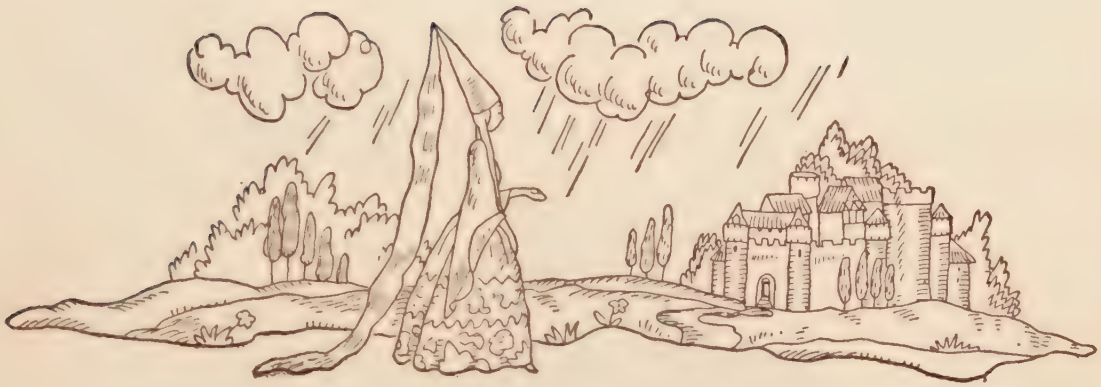
"My dear cat, catch the mouse, for the mouse won't gnaw the rope, the rope won't hang the smith, the smith won't hammer the ax, the ax won't split the yoke, the yoke won't throttle the ox, the ox won't drink the water, the water won't quench the fire, the fire won't burn the fir, the fir won't crush the Finn, the Finn won't

shoot the bear, the bear won't slay the wolf, the wolf won't bite the fox, the fox won't bite Nanny, and Nanny won't come home in time. I am so hungry and want my supper."

"Yes, but give me a drop of milk for my kittens and then—" said the cat.

Yes, that she should have. So the cat caught the mouse, and the mouse gnawed the rope, and the rope hanged the smith, and the smith hammered the ax, and the ax split the yoke, and the yoke throttled the ox, and the ox drank the water, and the water quenched the fire, and the fire burned the fir, and the fir crushed the Finn, and the Finn shot the bear, and the bear slew the wolf, and the wolf bit the fox, and the fox bit Nanny, and Nanny took to her heels and scampered home.

THE
REAL
PRINCESS



THE REAL PRINCESS

THERE was once a Prince who wanted to marry a Princess. But it was only a real Princess that he wanted to marry.

He traveled all over the world to find a real one. But, although there were plenty of princesses, whether they were real princesses he could never discover. There was always something that did not seem quite right about them.

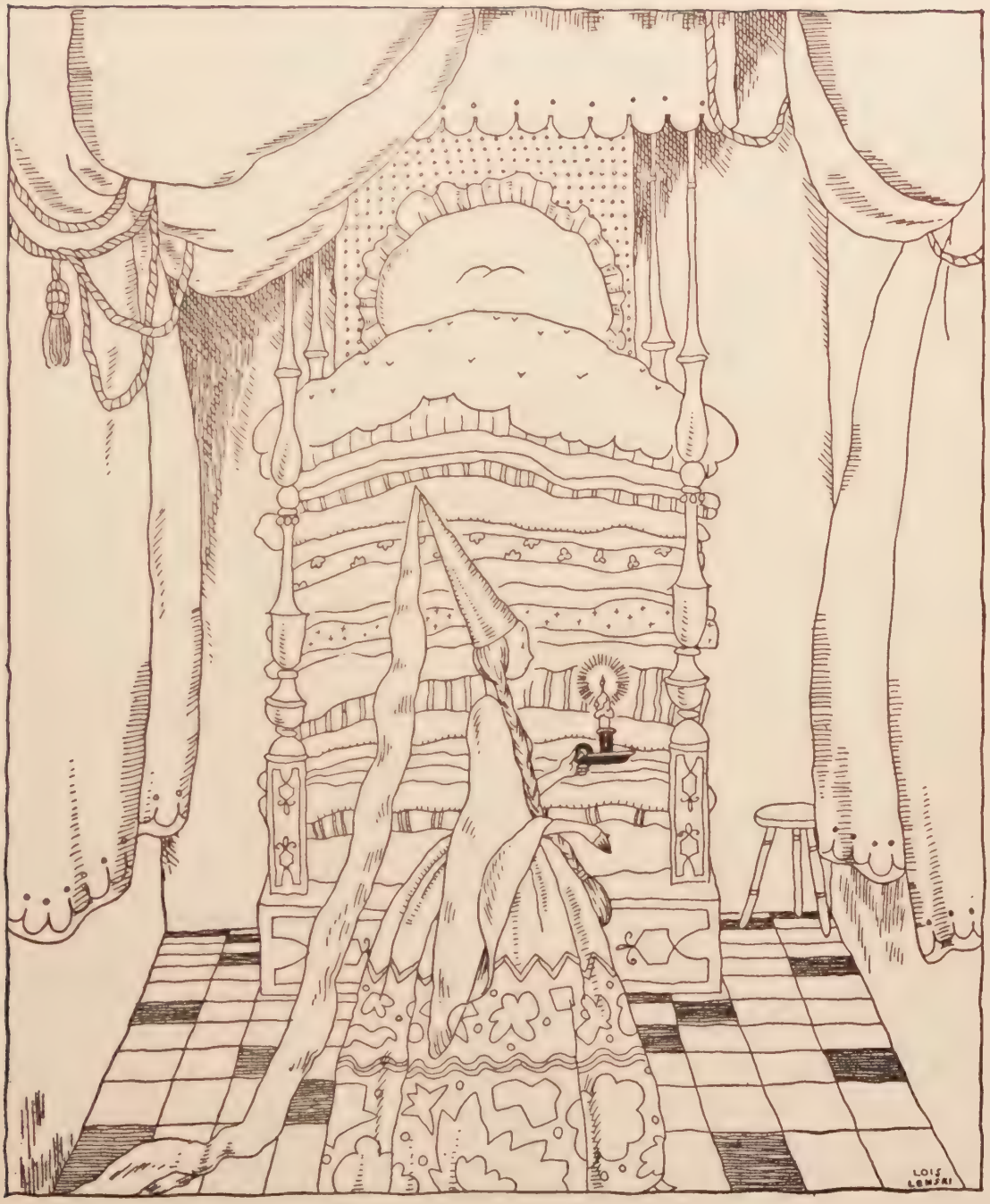
At last he had to come home again. But he was very sad because he wanted to marry a *real* Princess.

One night there was a terrible storm. It thundered and lightened, and the rain poured down in torrents. In the middle of the storm there came a knocking, knocking, knocking at the castle gate. The kind old King himself went down to open the gate.

It was a young Princess that stood outside. The wind and the rain had almost blown her to pieces. Water streamed out of her hair and out of her clothes. Water ran in at the points of her shoes and out again at the heels. Yet she said she was a real Princess.

"Well, we will soon find out about that," thought the Queen.

She said nothing, but went into the bedroom, took off the bedding, and put a small dried pea on the bottom of the bedstead. Then she piled twenty mat-



This was where the Princess had to sleep that night.

tresses on top of the pea, and on top of these she put twenty feather beds. This was where the Princess had to sleep that night.

In the morning they asked her how she had slept through the night.

"Oh, miserably!" said the Princess. "I hardly closed my eyes the whole night long! Goodness only knows what was in my bed! I slept upon something so hard that I am black and blue all over. It was dreadful!"

So then they knew that she was a real Princess. For, through the twenty mattresses and the twenty feather beds, she had still felt the pea. No one but a real Princess could have such a tender skin.

So the Prince took her for his wife. He knew now that he had found a *real* Princess.

As for the pea, it was put in a museum where it may still be seen if no one else has carried it away.

Now this is a true story!

TIT
FOR
TAT

TIT FOR TAT

THERE once lived a Camel and a Jackal who were great friends. One day the Jackal said to the Camel, "I know that there is a fine field of sugar cane on the other side of the river. If you will take me across I will show you the place. This plan will suit me as well as you. You will enjoy eating the sugar cane, and I am sure to find many crabs, bones, and bits of fish by the river side, on which to make a good dinner."

The Camel consented, and swam across the river, taking the Jackal, who could not swim, on his back. When they reached the other side, the Camel went to eat the sugar cane, and the Jackal ran up and down the river bank, devouring all the crabs, bits of fish and bones he could find.

But being so much smaller an animal, he had made an excellent meal before the Camel had eaten more than two or three mouthfuls; and no sooner had he finished his dinner than he ran round and round the sugar cane field, yelping and howling with all his might.

The villagers heard him, and thought, "There is a Jackal among the sugar canes; he will be scratching holes in the ground and spoiling the roots of the plants." And they went down to the place to drive him away. But when they got there they found to their surprise not only a Jackal, but a Camel who was eating the sugar canes! This made them very angry, and they caught the poor Camel and drove him from the field.

When the villagers had gone, the Jackal said to the Camel, "We had better go home."

And the Camel said, "Very well; then jump upon my back, as you did before."

So the Jackal jumped upon the Camel's back, and the Camel began to recross the river. When they were well into the river, the Camel said, "This is a pretty way you have treated me, friend Jackal! No sooner had you finished your own dinner than you must go yelping about the place loud enough to arouse the whole village, and bring all the villagers down to abuse me and turn me out of the field before I had eaten two mouthfuls! What in the world did you make such a noise for?"

"I don't know," said the Jackal. "It is a custom I have. I always like to sing a little after dinner."

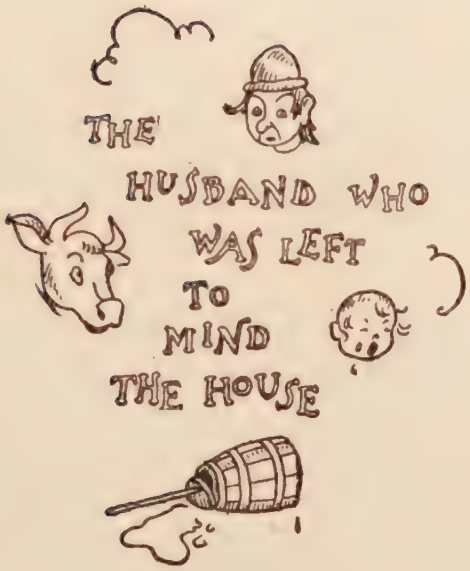
The Camel waddled on through the river. The water reached up to his knees—then above them—up, up, up, higher and higher, until at last he was obliged to swim.

Then turning to the Jackal, he said, "I feel very anxious to roll."

"Oh, pray don't; why do you wish to do so?" asked the Jackal.

"I don't know," answered the Camel. "It's a custom I have. I always like to have a little roll after dinner."

So saying, he rolled over in the water, shaking the Jackal off as he did so, and swam safely ashore, leaving the Jackal to get back the best way he could.


THE
HUSBAND WHO
WAS LEFT
TO
MIND
THE HOUSE

THE HUSBAND WHO WAS LEFT TO MIND THE HOUSE

ONCE on a time there was a man who never thought his wife did anything right in the house. So one evening in hay-making time he came home scolding and fussing.

"Dear love, don't be so angry, there's a good man," said his goody; "tomorrow let's change our work. I'll go out with the mowers and mow, and you shall mind the house."

Yes, the husband thought that would do very well. He was quite willing, he said.

So, early next morning, his goody took a scythe over her neck and went out into the hay-field with the mowers and began to mow; but the man was to mind the house, and do the work at home.

First of all, he wanted to churn the butter; but when he had churned a while he got thirsty, and went down to the cellar to tap a barrel of cider. Just when he had knocked in the bung, and was putting the tap into the cask, he heard overhead the pig coming into the kitchen. Then off he ran up the cellar steps with the tap in his hand, as fast as he could, to look after the pig, lest it should upset the churn; and when he got up, he saw the pig had already knocked the churn over, and stood there, rooting and grunting in the cream which was running all over the floor. Then all at once he remembered he had the tap in his hand; but when he got down to the cellar, every drop of cider had run out of the cask.

Then he went into the dairy and found enough cream left to churn again, and so he began to churn, for butter they must have at dinner. When he had

"If I leave it," he thought, "the child may upset it."

churned a bit, he remembered that their milking cow was still shut up in the byre, and hadn't had a bite to eat or a drop to drink all the morning, though the sun was high. Then all at once he thought 'twas too far to take her down to the meadow, so he'd just gather her up on the house-top—for the house, you must know, was thatched with sods, and a fine crop of grass was growing there.

Now their house lay close up against a steep down, and he thought if he laid a plank across to the thatch at the back he'd easily get the cow up.

But still he couldn't leave the churn, for there was his little babe crawling about on the floor, and "If I leave it," he thought, "the child may upset it." So he took the churn on his back, and went out with it; but then he thought he'd better first water the cow before he turned her out on the thatch; so he took up a bucket

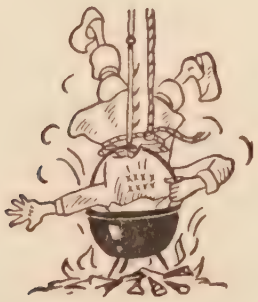
to draw water out of the well; but, as he stooped down at the well's brink, all the cream ran out of the churn over his shoulders, and so down into the well.

Now it was near dinner-time, and he hadn't even made the butter; so he thought he'd best boil the porridge, and he filled the pot with water and hung it over the fire. When he had done that, he thought the cow might perhaps fall off the thatch and break her legs or her neck. So he got up on the house to tie her. One end of the rope he made fast to the cow's neck, and the other he slipped down the chimney and tied round himself; and he had to make haste, for the water now began to boil in the pot, and he had still to grind the oatmeal.

So he began to grind away; but while he was hard at it, down fell the cow off the house-top, and as she fell, she dragged the man up the chimney by the rope. There he stuck fast; and as for the cow, she hung half way down the wall, swinging between heaven and earth, for she neither could get down nor up.

And now the goody had waited seven lengths and seven breadths for her husband to come and call them home for dinner; but never a call they had. At last she thought she'd waited long enough, and went home. But

when she got there and saw the cow hanging in such an ugly place, she ran up and cut the rope in two with her scythe. But as she did this, down came her husband out of the chimney; and so when his goody came inside the kitchen, there she found him standing on his head in the porridge pot.



TOADS AND DIAMONDS

TOADS AND DIAMONDS

THERE was once upon a time a widow who had two daughters. The older was so much like her in face and humor that whoever looked upon the daughter saw the mother. They were both so disagreeable and so proud that there was no living with them. The younger, who was the very picture of her father for courtesy and sweetness of temper, was withal one of the most beautiful girls that was ever seen. As people naturally love their own likenesses,

this mother ever doted on her elder daughter and at the same time had a sad aversion for the younger. She made her eat in the kitchen and work continually.

Among other things, this poor child was forced twice a day to draw water about a mile and a half from the house, and bring home a pitcher of it. One day as she was at this fountain there came to her a poor woman, who begged her to let her drink.

"Oh, yes, with all my heart, Goody," said this pretty little girl; and, rinsing the pitcher, she took up some water from the clearest place of the fountain and gave it to her, holding up the pitcher all the while that she might drink the easier.

The good woman, having drunk, said to her, "You are so very pretty, my dear, so good and so mannerly, that I cannot help giving you a gift"—for this was a fairy, who had taken the form of a poor country woman to see how far the civility and good manners of this pretty girl would go. "I will give you for a gift," continued the fairy, "that at every word you speak, there shall come out of your mouth either a jewel or a flower."

When this pretty girl came home, her mother

This poor child was forced to draw water about a mile and a half from the house.

scolded her for staying so long at the fountain. "I beg your pardon, Mother," said the poor girl, "for not making more haste." And, in speaking these words, there came out of her mouth two roses, two pearls, and two large diamonds.

"What is it I see there?" said her mother, quite astonished. "I think I see pearls and diamonds coming out of the girl's mouth! How happens this, my child?" —This was the first time she ever called her her child.

The little girl told her frankly all that had happened, not without dropping out infinite numbers of diamonds.

"In good faith," cried the mother, "I must send your sister thither. Come, Fanny. Look what comes out of your sister's mouth when she speaks! Would you not be glad, my dear, to have the same gift given to you? You have nothing else to do but go draw water out of

the fountain, and when a certain poor woman asks you to let her drink, to give it to her very civilly."

"It would be a very fine sight, indeed," said this ill-bred minx, "to see me go draw water!"

"You shall go," said the mother, "and this minute."

So away she went, but grumbling all the way and taking with her the best silver tankard in the house.

She was no sooner at the fountain than she saw coming out of the wood a lady most gloriously dressed, who came up to her and asked to drink. This was, you must know, the very fairy who appeared to her sister, but who had now taken the air and dress of a princess to see how far this girl's rudeness would go. "Am I come hither," said the proud, saucy maid, "to serve you with water, pray? I suppose the silver tankard was brought purely for your ladyship, was it? However, you may drink out of it, if you fancy."

"You are not over and above mannerly," answered the fairy, without putting herself in a passion. "Well, then, since you have so little breeding, and are so disobliging, I give you for gift, that at every word you speak there shall come out of your mouth a snake or a toad."

As soon as her mother saw her coming, she cried out, "Well, Daughter."

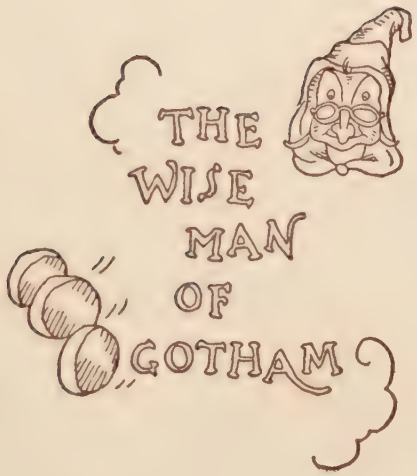
"Well, Mother," answered the pert lassie, throwing out of her mouth two vipers and two toads.

"Oh, mercy!" cried the mother, "what is it I see? Oh, it is that wretch, your sister, who has caused all this; but she shall pay for it." And immediately she ran to punish her. The poor child fled away from her and went to hide herself in the forest, not far from her home.

The king's son, returning from hunting, met her, and seeing her so very pretty, asked her what she did there alone, and why she cried. "Alas, sir! my mother has turned me out of doors." The king's son, who saw five or six pearls and as many diamonds come out of her mouth, asked her to tell him how that happened. She thereupon told him the whole story; so he fell in love

with her, and conducted her to the palace of his father and there married her.

As for her sister, the gift of the fairy remained with her for the rest of her life.


THE
WISE
MAN
OF
GOTHAM

THE WISE MAN OF GOTHAM

THERE was a man of Gotham who went to the market at Nottingham to sell cheese, and as he was going down the hill to Nottingham Bridge, one of his cheeses fell out of his wallet and rolled down the hill.

"Ah, gaffer," said the fellow, "can you run to market alone? I will send one after another after you." Then he laid down his wallet and took out the cheeses, and rolled them down the hill. Some went into one bush, and some went into another.

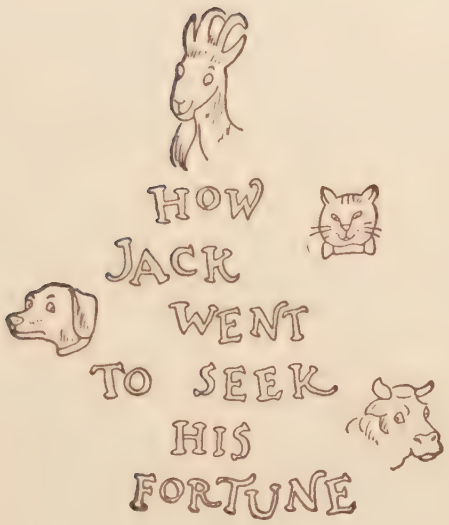
"I charge you all to meet me in the market-place," cried he; and when the fellow came to the market to meet his cheeses, he stayed there till the market was nearly done. Then he went about to inquire of his friends and neighbors, and other men, if they did see his cheeses come to the market.

"Who should bring them?" asked one of the market men.

"Why, themselves," said the fellow. "They know the way well enough."

He said, "A vengeance on them all. I did fear, to see them run so fast, that they would run beyond the market. I am now fully persuaded that they must be now almost at York." Whereupon he hired a horse to ride to York, to see if his cheeses were there; but to this day no man can tell him of them.

"I charge you all to meet me in the market-place," cried he.


HOW
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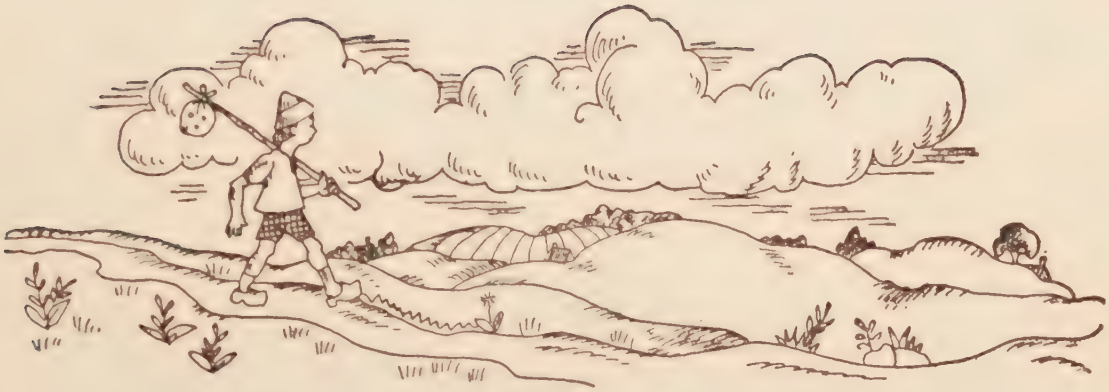


HOW JACK WENT TO SEEK HIS FORTUNE

ONCE on a time there was a boy named Jack, and one morning he started to go to seek his fortune.

He hadn't gone very far before he met a cat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the cat.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, Jack and the cat. Jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt!

They went on a little farther and they met a dog.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the dog.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, Jack, the cat, and the dog. Jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt!

They went a little farther and they met a goat.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the goat.

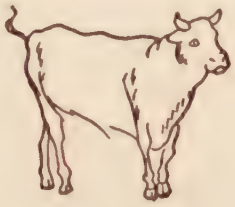
"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, Jack, the cat, the dog, and the goat. Jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt!

They went a little farther and they met a bull.



"Where are you going, Jack?" said the bull.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, Jack, the cat, the dog, the goat, and the bull. Jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt!

They went a little farther and they met a rooster.

"Where are you going, Jack?" said the rooster.

"I am going to seek my fortune."

"May I go with you?"

"Yes," said Jack, "the more the merrier."

So on they went, the cat, the dog, the goat, the bull, and the rooster. Jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt, jiggelty-jolt!

And they went on jiggelty-jolting till it was about dark, and it was time to think of some place where they could spend the night. Now, after a bit, they came in sight of a house, and Jack told his companions to keep still while he went up and looked in through the window to see if all was safe. And what did he see but a band of robbers seated at a table counting over great bags of gold!

"That gold shall be mine," quoth Jack to himself. "I have found my fortune already."

Then he went back and told his companions to wait till he gave the word, and then to make all the noise they possibly could in their own fashion. So when they were all ready Jack gave the word, and the cat mewed,

and the dog barked, and the goat bleated, and the bull bellowed, and the rooster crowed, and all together they made such a terrific hubbub that the robbers jumped up in a fright and ran away, leaving their gold on the table. So, after a good laugh, Jack and his companions went in and took possession of the house and the gold.

Now Jack was a wise boy, and he knew that the robbers would come back in the dead of the night to get their gold, and so when it came time to go to bed he put the cat in the rocking-chair, and he put the dog under the table, and he put the goat upstairs, and he put the bull in the cellar, and he bade the rooster to fly up on to the roof.

Then he went to bed.

Now sure enough, in the dead of night, the robbers sent one man back to the house to look after the money. But before long he came back in a great fright and told them a fearsome tale!

"I went back to the house," said he, "and went in and tried to sit down in the rocking-chair, and there was an old woman sitting there, and she—oh, my!—stuck her knitting needles into me."

(*That was the cat, you know.*)

"Then I went to the table to look after the money, but there was a shoemaker under the table, and my! how he stuck his awl into me."

(*That was the dog, you know.*)

"So I started to go upstairs, but there was a man up there threshing, and goody! how he knocked me down with his flail!"

(*That was the goat, you know.*)

"Then I started to go down to the cellar, but—oh, dear me!—there was a man down there chopping wood, and he knocked me up and he knocked me down just terribly with his axe."

(*That was the bull, you know.*)

"But I shouldn't have minded all that if it hadn't been for an awful little fellow on top of the house by the kitchen chimney, who kept a-hollering and hollering, 'Cook him in a stew! Cook him in a stew! Cook him in a stew!' "

(*And that, of course, was the cock-a-doodle-do.*)

Then the robbers agreed that they would rather lose their gold than meet with such a fate; so they made off, and Jack next morning went gaily home with his booty. And each of the animals carried a portion of it. The cat hung a bag on its tail (a cat when it walks always carries its tail stiff), the dog on his collar, the goat and the bull on their horns, but Jack made the rooster carry a golden guinea in its beak to prevent it from calling all the time:

"Cock-a-doodle-do,
Cook him in a stew!"

THE
LAME
DUCK

THE LAME DUCK

ONCE upon a time there were an old man and his wife, and they had no children. The old man used to sew bast-shoes with an awl, and his wife used to spin flax. One day they decided to go into the forest to gather mushrooms; so they took their baskets and went off.

They walked and walked all over the forest, and gathered a lot of mushrooms.

Suddenly the old man saw a nest in a bush, and a

duck sitting in the nest, and he said to his wife: "Look here, my dear, what a lovely duck!"

"We'll take it home with us," she said. So they picked it up carefully, and brought it home, and there they made it a nest, which they lined with feathers, and set the duck in the nest.

The next day the old man and his wife again went off to gather mushrooms. They walked, and walked, and gathered a lot of mushrooms, and brought them home. And when they arrived home, lo and behold! the cottage was all tidy, the platters clean and on the shelf, and the towel hung on the hook.

The old woman said: "Somebody's been here!"

And her husband said: "Somebody's been tidying up!"

Then they went to their neighbor and said: "Have you seen any one going to our house, neighbor?"

And their neighbor said: "I've been sitting here on the steps having a little nap, and I haven't seen any one."

And next day they went off again to gather mushrooms. And they gathered a lot, and came home, when lo and behold! the table was laid, and on it was stand-

ing a pot full of hot soup, and by it a beautifully baked loaf of bread.

And the old woman said: "Somebody's been here!"

And her husband said: "Somebody's been cooking here!"

So they went out into the street, and said to their neighbor: "Neighbor, have you seen any one go into our cottage?"

And their neighbor said: "I saw a girl, who was carrying water in buckets into your cottage, from that well over there. She was *such* a pretty girl, but a little bit lame."

Next morning the old man and his wife made as if they were again going off into the forest to gather mushrooms, but instead of going away, they hid behind a corner and watched to see if any one came into their cottage.

Suddenly they saw a pretty girl come out of their cottage, carrying a yoke with two buckets, and go off

to the well. Then the old man and his wife ran quickly into the cottage, and found the nest in its place but no duck in it, only its feathers lying in the nest. So they took the nest and with it the feathers, and flung it into the oven, where it was all burnt up.

Presently the girl came back to the cottage with the water, and when she saw the old man and his wife she grew frightened and ran to the nest, but both nest and feathers were gone. Then she sat down and cried bitterly.

And the old man and his wife began to kiss her and comfort her, and said: "Don't cry, my pretty little girl,

Then she sat down and cried bitterly.

don't cry. You must be like our daughter, and we will love you and take care of you like our own little girl."

But the little girl said: "I would have stopped with you and been like your own daughter, but you have burnt my feathers and taken away my wings, and now I don't want to stop with you! Make me a distaff and a spindle and I shall go away from you."

And the old man made her a distaff and a spindle, and she went out of doors and sat down on a bench, and began to spin her flax.

Suddenly a lot of ducks came flying by, and they saw the girl and began to sing: "*That's* where our little girl is, *that's* where our pretty girl is, in a courtyard all swept clean, on a bench all nicely hewn, she's spinning a thread from a distaff, and winding it on a spindle. We will each throw her down a feather, and let her fly away with us!"

And the girl answered them: "No, I will not fly away with you; when I was in the pool and broke my leg, you left me there and flew away." And the ducks threw her each a feather, and flew away.

Then another lot of ducks came flying by, and began to sing: "*That's* where our little girl is, *that's* where our pretty girl is, in a courtyard all swept clean, on a bench all nicely hewn, spinning thread from a distaff and winding it on a spindle. We will each throw her a feather, and let her fly away with us!" And they each threw her down a feather.

Then the girl gathered up the feathers, dressed herself in them, and became a duck, and flew away with the others.

And the old man and his wife were again left all alone.

THE PRINCESS WHOM NOBODY COULD SILENCE

THE PRINCESS WHOM NOBODY COULD SILENCE

THERE was once upon a time a king, and he had a daughter who would always have the last word; she was so cross and contrary in her speech that no one could silence her. So the king therefore promised that whoever could outwit her should have the princess in marriage and half the kingdom besides. There were plenty of those who wanted to try,

I can assure you; for it isn't every day that a princess and half a kingdom are to be had.

The gate to the palace hardly ever stood still. The suitors came in great flocks from east and west, both riding and walking. But there was no one who could silence the princess. At last the king announced that those who tried and did not succeed should be branded on both ears with a large iron; he would not have all this running about the palace for nothing.

Now there were three brothers who had heard about the princess, and as they were rather badly off at home, they thought they would try their luck and see if they could win the princess and half the kingdom. They were good friends and so they agreed to set out together.

When they had gone a bit on their way, Boots found a dead magpie.

"I have found something, I have found something!" cried he.

"What have you found?" asked the brothers.

"I have found a magpie," said he.

"Oh, throw it away; what can you do with that?" said the other two, who always believed they were the wisest.

"Oh, I've nothing else to carry; I can easily put it in my pocket," said Boots.

When they had gone on a bit farther, Boots found an old willow twig, which he picked up.

"I have found something! I have found something!" he cried.

"What have you found now?" cried the brothers.

"I have found a willow twig," said he.

"Oh, what are you going to do with that? Throw it away," said the two.

"Oh, I have nothing else to carry; I can easily put it in my pocket," said Boots.

When they had gone still farther he found a broken saucer, which he also picked up.

"Here, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" said he.

"Well, what have you found now?" asked the brothers.

"A broken saucer," said he.

"Pshaw! Is it worth while dragging that along with you too? Throw it away!" said the brothers.

"Oh, I've nothing else to carry; I can easily take it with me," said Boots.

When they had gone a little bit farther he found a crooked goat-horn and soon after he found the mate to it.

"I have found something! I have found something, lads!" said he.

"What have you found now?" said the others.

"Two goat-horns," said Boots.

In a little while he found a wedge.

"I say, lads, I have found something! I have found something!" he cried.

"You are everlastingly finding something! What have you found now?" asked the two eldest.

"I have found a wedge," he answered.

"Oh, throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said they.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do; I can easily carry it with me," said Boots.

As he went across the king's fields, which had been freshly plowed, he stooped down and took up an old boot sole.

"Hello, lads! I have found something! I have found something!" said he.

"Heaven grant you may find a little sense before you get to the palace!" said the two. "What is it you have found now?"

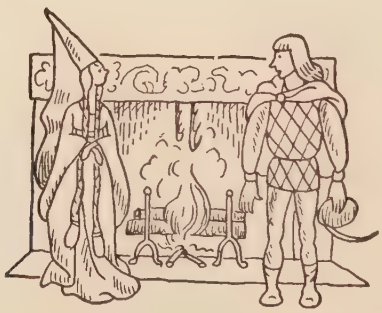
"An old boot sole," said he.

"Is that anything worth picking up? Throw it away! What are you going to do with it?" said the brothers.

"Oh, I have nothing else to do; I can easily carry it with me, and—who knows--it may help me to win the princess and half the kingdom," said Boots.

"Yes, you look a likely one, don't you?" said the two.

At length they went in to the princess, the eldest first.



"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you!" answered she, with a shrug.

"It's terribly hot here," said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said the princess. The branding iron was lying waiting in the fire.

When he saw this he was struck speechless; and so it was all over with him.

The second brother fared no better.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you," said she with a wriggle.

"It's terribly hot here!" said he.

"It's hotter in the fire," said she. With that he lost both speech and wits, and so the iron had to be brought out.

Then came Boots' turn.

"Good day!" said he.

"Good day to you!" said she, with a shrug and a wriggle.

"It's very nice and warm here!" said Boots.

"It's warmer in the fire," she answered. She was in no better humor, now that she saw the third suitor.

"Then there's a chance for me to roast my magpie on it," said he, bringing it out.

"I'm afraid it will sputter," said the princess.

"No fear of that! I'll tie this willow twig round it," said the lad.

"You can't tie it tightly enough," said she.

"Then I'll drive in a wedge," said Boots, and brought out the wedge.

"The fat will be running off it," said the princess.

"Then I'll hold this under it," said the lad, and showed her the broken saucer.

"You are very crooked in your speech," said the princess.

"No, I am not crooked," answered the lad; "but here is something that's crooked;" and he brought out one of the goat-horns.

"Well, I've never seen the like!" cried the princess.

"Well, here is the mate," said he.

"Have you come here to wear out my soul?" asked she.

"No, I have not come to wear out your soul, for I

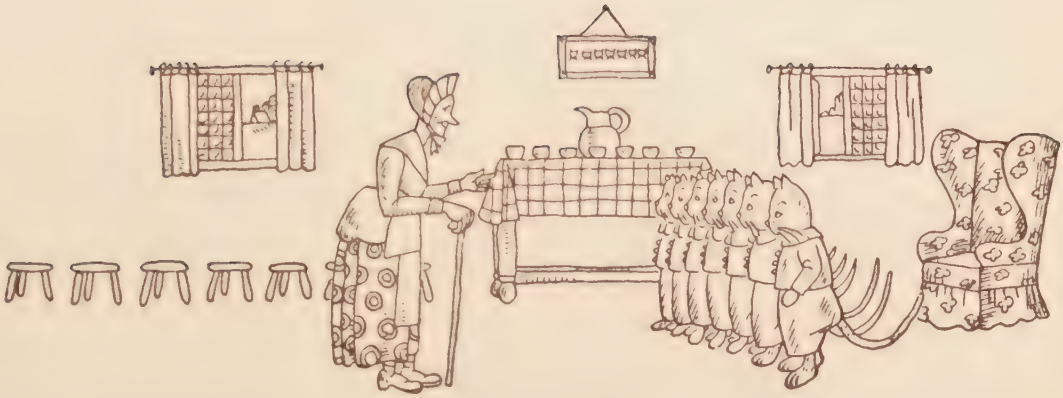
have one here which is already worn out," answered the lad, and brought out the boot sole.

The princess was so dumbfounded at this that she was completely silenced.

"Now you are mine!" said Boots.

And so he got her and half the kingdom into the bargain.

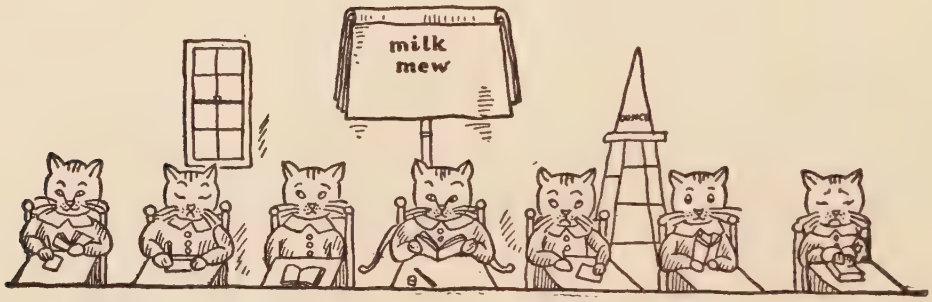
DAME WIGGINS OF LEE AND HER SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS



DAME WIGGINS OF LEE AND HER SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS

DAME Wiggins of Lee
Was a worthy old soul,
As e'er threaded a nee-
dle, or washed in a bowl;
She held mice and rats
In such antipa-thy,
That seven fine cats
Kept Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The rats and mice scared
By this fierce whiskered crew,
The poor seven cats
Soon had nothing to do;
So, as any one idle
She ne'er loved to see,
She sent them to school,
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.



The Master soon wrote
That they all of them knew
How to read the word "milk"
And to spell the word "mew."
And they all washed their faces
Before they took tea;
"Were there ever such dears!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

But soon she grew tired
Of living alone;
So she sent for her cats
From school to come home.
Each rowing a wherry,
Returning you see:
The frolic made merry
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

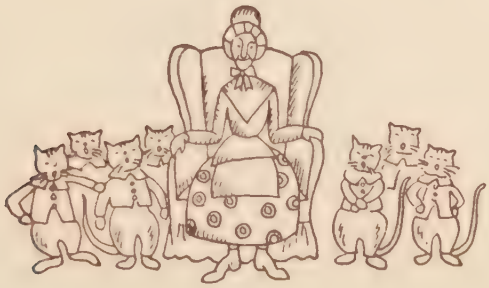
The Dame was quite pleased
And ran out to market;
When she came back
They were mending the carpet.
The needle each handled
As brisk as a bee;
"Well done, my good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

To give them a treat,
She ran out for some rice:

When she came back,
They were skating on ice.
"I shall soon see one down,
Aye, perhaps, two or three,
I'll bet half-a-crown,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

When springtime came back
They had breakfast of curds;
And were greatly afraid
Of disturbing the birds,
"If you sit, like good cats,
All the seven in a tree,
They will teach you to sing!"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

So they sat in a tree,
And said, "Beautiful! Hark!"
And they listened and looked
In the clouds for the lark.
Then sang, by the fireside,
Symphonious-ly
A song without words
To Dame Wiggins of Lee.



They called the next day
On the tomtit and sparrow,
And wheeled a poor sick lamb
Home in a barrow.
"You shall all have some sprats
For your humani-ty,
My seven good cats,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

While she ran to the field,
To look for its dam,
They were warming the bed
For the poor sick lamb;
They turned up the clothes
All as neat as could be;
"I shall ne'er want a nurse,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

She wished them good night,
And went up to bed:
When, lo! in the morning,
The cats were all fled.
But soon—what a fuss!
"Where can they all be?
Here, pussy, puss, puss!"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame's heart was nigh broke,
So she sat down to weep,
When she saw them come back
Each riding a sheep;
She fondled and patted
Each purring tom-my:
"Ah! welcome, my dears,"
Said Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Dame was unable
Her pleasure to smother,
To see the sick lamb
Jump up to its mother.
In spite of the gout,
And a pain in her knee,
She went dancing about:
Did Dame Wiggins of Lee.

The Farmer soon heard
Where his sheep went astray,
And arrived at Dame's door
With his faithful dog Tray.
He knocked with his crook,
And the stranger to see,
Out the window did look
Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For their kindness he had them
All drawn by his team;
And gave them some field-mice,
And raspberry-cream.
Said he, "All my stock
You shall presently see;
For I honor the cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee."

He sent his maid out
For some muffins and crumpets;
And when he turned round
They were blowing of trumpets.
Said he, "I suppose
She's as deaf as can be,
Or this ne'er could be borne
By Dame Wiggins of Lee."

To show them his poultry,
He turn'd them all loose,
When each nimble leaped
On the back of a goose,
Which frightened them so
That they ran to the sea,
And half-drowned the poor cats
Of Dame Wiggins of Lee.

For the care of his lamb,
And their comical pranks,
He gave them a ham
And abundance of thanks.
"I wish you good day,
My fine fellows," said he;
"My compliments, pray,
To Dame Wiggins of Lee."

You see them arrived
At their Dame's welcome door;
They showed her their presents,
And all their good store.
"Now come in to supper,
And sit down with me;
All welcome once more,"
Cried Dame Wiggins of Lee.

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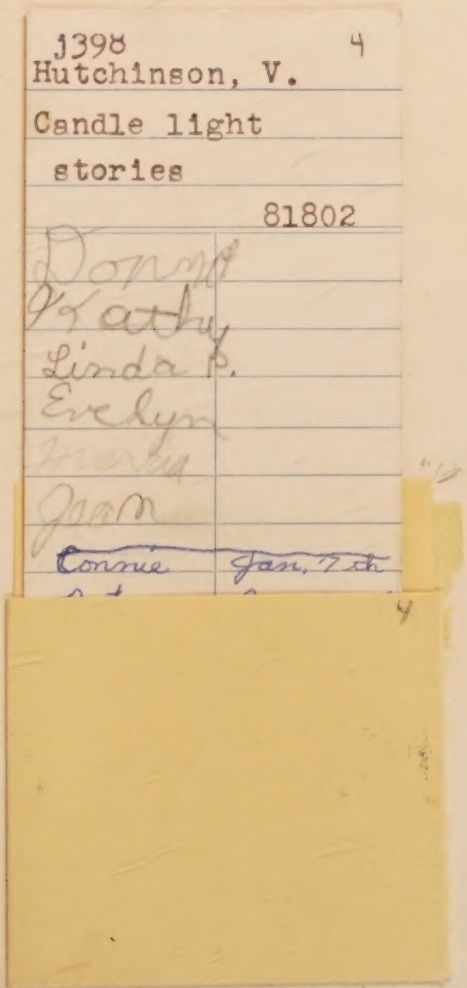
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